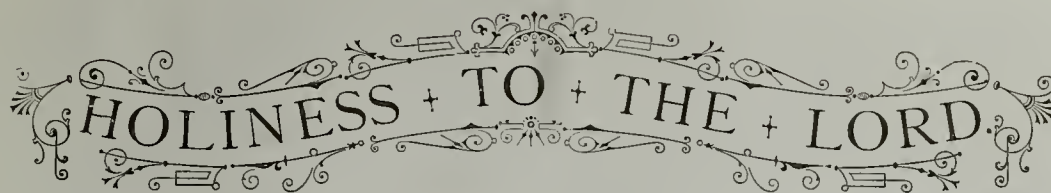


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— THE —

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XXIII.

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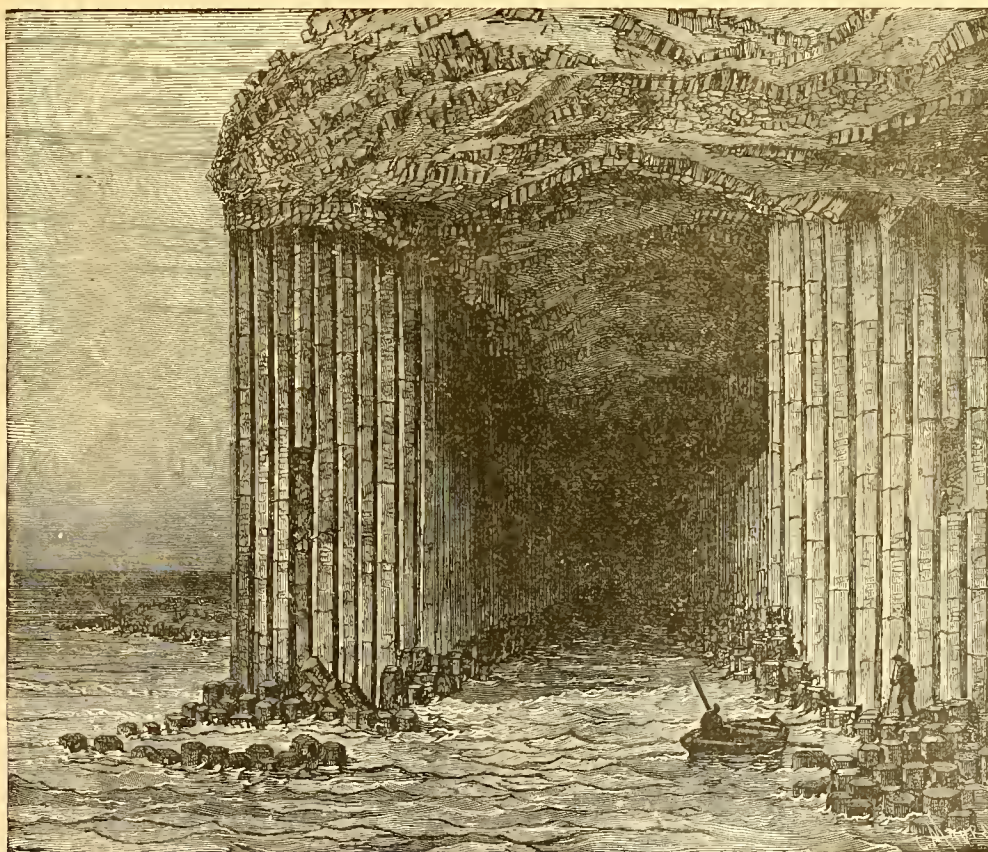
NO. 22.

A MARVELOUS FORMATION.

ABOUT seven miles to the west of Mull in Scotland lies the small island Staffa, to which belongs the great natural curiosity, Fingal's cave, represented in our engraving. Around the island are many caves, but this is the largest. Its entrance

columns of basalt firmly knit together which unitedly support the immense arch.

Sir Joseph Banks gives the following account of his visit to this remarkable cave :



FINGAL'S CAVE.

is thirty-three feet wide and sixty feet high, while in length it is two hundred and twelve feet. For its floor the cave has the restless sea, which dashes uninterruptedly against its sides throwing the spray high in the air and making an incessant dismal sound. On either side of the entrance are massive

"I have seen many ancient volcanoes, and have given descriptions of several superb basaltic causeways and delightful caverns in the midst of lavas; but I have never found anything which comes near this, or can bear any comparison with it, either for the admirable regularity of the columns, the height of the arch, the situation, the forms, the elegance of

this production of nature, or for its resemblance to the master-pieces of art, though this had no share in its construction. It is therefore not at all surprising that tradition should have made it the abode of a hero.

"The upright columns which compose the frontispiece, are of the most perfect regularity. Their height, to the beginning of the curvature, is forty-five feet.

"The arch is composed of two unequal segments of a circle, which form a sort of natural pediment.

"The mass which crowns, or rather which forms the roof, is twenty feet thick in the lowest part. It consists of small prisms, more or less regular, inclining in all directions, closely united and cemented underneath, and in the joints, with a yellowish white calcareous matter, and some zeolitic infiltrations, which give this fine ceiling the appearance of mosaic work.

"The sea reaches to the very extremity of the cave. It is fifteen feet deep at the mouth; and its waves, incessantly agitated, beat with great noise against the bottom and walls of the cavern, and everywhere break into foam. The light also penetrates through its whole length, diminishing gradually inwards, and exhibiting the most wonderful varieties of color.

"The right side of the entrance presents, on its exterior part, a vast amphitheatre, formed of different ranges of large truncated prisms, the tops of which may be easily walked on. Several of these prisms are jointed, that is, concave on the one side, and convex on the other; and some of them are divided by simple transverse intersections.

"These prisms, consisting of a very durable and pure black basalt, are from one to three feet in diameter. Their forms are triangular, tetrapedral, pentagonal, and hexagonal; and some of them have seven or eight sides. I saw several large prisms, on the truncatures of which are distinctly traced the outlines of a number of smaller prisms; that is, these prisms are formed of a basalt, which has a tendency to subdivide itself likewise into prisms. I had before observed the same phenomenon in the basaltic prisms of Vivarais.

"The cave can be entered only by proceeding along the platform on the right side, which I have mentioned above. But the way grows very narrow and difficult as it advances; for this sort of interior gallery, raised about fifteen feet above the level of the sea, is formed entirely of truncated perpendicular prisms of a greater or less height, between which considerable address is necessary to choose one's steps, the passages being so straight and so slippery, owing to the droppings from the roof, that I took the very prudent resolution, suggested by our two guides, to proceed barefooted, and take advantage of their assistance, especially in a particular place, where I had room only to plant one foot, whilst I clung with my right hand to a large prism to support myself, and held the hand of one of the guides by the other. This difficult operation took place at the darkest part of the cave; and one half of the body was at the time suspended over an abyss, where the sea dashed itself into a cloud of foam.

"I was desirous of penetrating to the farthest extremity, and I accomplished my purpose, though not without considerable difficulty and danger. I more than once found my attention distracted from the observations which I was happy to have an opportunity of making, to the thought of how I should get back again.

"As I drew near to the bottom of the cave, the bold balcony, on which I walked, expanded into a large sloping space, composed of thousands of broken vertical columns. The bottom was bounded by a compact range of pillars of an unequal height, and resembling the front of an organ."

PARENTS can never be too careful not to chastise a child because their own tempers have been roused. There is such a thing as swift and righteous anger which visits a misdeed on the instant, but the parents must not give expression and vent to their tempers in punishment. If they do, the effect is all for evil. Let the incorrigibly naughty child wait till you are cool and understand the punishment is for his good at the expense of your pain.

TIRED WORKERS.

YOU have no idea, boys and girls, how much of the best work of the world is done by those already well-nigh worn out with labor before they begin it. The neatly-made clothes you wear, the clean and tidy room that welcomes you home from school, the nice stories you read—are many of them the product of weary hands and heads.

Almost anyone can work when they feel fresh and rested, but it requires determination and force of will, moved by love or sense of duty, to persevere in endeavor when powers of mind and body beg for repose.

Now, we are not going to champion what is called "the cramming process," or the disastrous system of overtaxing the mental or physical capabilities. Yet neither do we believe in encouraging a weak shrinking from considerable tasks. Fatigue in moderation will not hurt anyone, in presentable health, young or old. On the contrary, it is only exercise to the point of fatigue that will successfully develop the energies. The people of most account in the world are those who can work when they are tired; they are those that parents, employers and customers can depend on to keep their promises and be faithful to their duties.

The ability to attain to this high standard of usefulness is, of necessity, partly physical. The strongest will and the most conscientious soul cannot give strength to the body when it is once seriously debilitated. So if you want that power of endurance which goes so far to make reliable men and women, you must not ruin your constitution by rich, unhealthy food, by late hours, by indulging in indolence or excesses of any sort. All these things tend to enervate, to take the power out of nerve and muscle, besides weakening the moral sense. Be self-denying and temperate, and you will leave far behind you, in the race of life, the self-indulgent and intemperate.

THE BOOK OF MORMON LAND.

IV.—Geography of the Country.

BY HAGOTH.

BEFORE proceeding further with the subject it might be well to examine the geography of the country under consideration.

About the 20° south latitude the great Andean range separates into two chains, one of which runs northward parallel to the coast, until it reaches the isthmus. The other runs north-east and north enclosing the valley or basin of the Desaguadero, and then continues on northward about parallel to the coast range until it reaches the 2° north latitude, where both ranges unite in the mountain knot of Pasto. Just north of which they separate into three ranges known as the eastern, western and central Cordilleras of Colombia.

The two ranges constitute a vast terrestrial billow bristling with volcanoes and snowy peaks and supporting a minor network of hills and mountains, whose vast summits "often spread out in broad undulating plains or pumas varying from fourteen to eighteen thousand feet above the sea, frigid, barren, desolate, and where life is only represented by the hardy vicuña and the condor. This inhospitable region is the great Despoblado or unpeopled region of Peru." In some parts the two ranges are from one to two hundred miles apart enclosing numerous valleys, which, though they lie wholly

within the tropics, have almost every variety of climate. Some of them, like the valley of the Desaguadero, owing to their high altitude, are cold and barren, where vegetation is scrubby and scant, and where the pinched and shivering inhabitants can scarcely eke out a livelihood.

The valley or basin of the Desaguadero is a vast region similar to our Salt Lake basin, comprising a large number of valleys divided by mountain ridges, and having a lake and river system of its own. Lake Titicaca is situated at the northern and Lake Aullagas at the southern end of this basin. The former is some larger than our Salt Lake, and the latter about the size of Utah Lake. A river connects them, emptying into the latter.

It was within this region, on the shores of Lake Titicaca, that the Incas claim their civilization originated.

It is certainly a very unfavorable region to be the cradle of a race, being for the most part cold and barren, deluged by rain in the summer season, and dry and cold in winter. Wheat will not ripen only under very favorable circumstances. Corn is dwarfed and small, a variety of bitter potato is about the only vegetable grown.

North of this region many of the valleys are mild and healthful and the temperature does not vary ten degrees throughout the year. Here the grain and fruits of the temperate zones abound.

Others again enjoy a climate of perpetual spring where "smiling nature in all her gorgeous hues arrayed" seems to have exerted herself to form a striking contrast with the cold and barren plateaux and snow peaks within her view. There stately palms and tropical plants and fruits in almost endless varieties grow profusely. There need be no famine, no want there, for vegetation of all kinds grows continually. Yet travelers find it difficult sometimes to procure bread for themselves or hay for their animals, so indolent are the present inhabitants.

Communication between the various valleys is very difficult, owing to the high rocky mountains and cold barren pumas which separate them; there they are encircled by the mighty gorges of rivers which are impassable, except by frail suspension bridges.

Such was the land of the early Nephites, and a very favorable place it was for the development of their race, as we shall see as we proceed.

At the discovery of America, the region from Quito to south of Lake Titicaca was embraced in the government of the Incas, which, originating on the shores of the lake, had gradually spread into the surrounding valleys. One tribe after another came under their influence until all the tribes of the coast and table-land acknowledged the Inca power. These were not barbarians for they were well advanced in some of the arts and sciences. They were an agricultural people, probably as well advanced in the arts of husbandry as we are ourselves. They understood the working of metals, had furnaces and workshops. In the working of gold they were particularly expert, few of our artificers could excel them in this art. They were good masons, as their monuments still attest.

Their government was well adapted to their wants, much better than exists in the country to-day. Never before was a nation so well organized, so completely in the hands of its rulers as this was. Never before did a nation care for its subjects as this. Prescott says: "No man could become rich, no man could become poor, no spendthrift could waste his substance in riotous luxury. No adventurous schemer could impoverish

his family by the spirit of speculation. The law was constantly directed to enforce a steady industry and a sober management of his affairs. No mendicant was tolerated in Peru. When a man was reduced by poverty or misfortune the arm of the law was stretched out to minister relief; not the stinted relief of private charity, nor that which is doled out, drop by drop, as it were from the frozen reservoirs of 'the parish,' but in generous measure, bringing no humiliation to the object of it, and placing him on a level with the rest of his countrymen. No man could be rich, no man could be poor in all Peru, but all might enjoy, and did enjoy a competence."

How like our proposed United Order their system seems?

Is it not probable that they received their knowledge of this system of unity, from their fathers, who understood it and lived it for three hundred years after the coming of our Savior? We think so.

We have mentioned Quito as a part of the Inca empire. That kingdom had existed as an independent state for generations, but had just been conquered by the Incas before the arrival of the Spanish. It was about equal to the Incas in civilization.

The region now known as Colombia was inhabited at the conquest by a number of tribes of wild Indians, one or two tribes of whom had made some advancement in the arts of civilization, probably about the same as the five nations of New York. All the other Indians of South America were wild, living in constant warfare with each other and depending upon fishing and hunting for a livelihood.

A REPORTER'S REVENGE.

NOTICE had been taken of the Duke of Cambridge's visit to Liverpool, but one remarkable episode of that visit is now nearly forgotten. A newspaper man who was then in Liverpool gave a graphic description of it the other night. The Duke of Cambridge, Mr. Cardwell, and several other distinguished men were to dine with the Mayor at the Town Hall. Their speeches were expected to be of European importance, and great interest attached to the occasion. Owing to the great attendance the Mayor could find room for only one reporter. There was much protest on the part of the press, but it was of no avail. An expert reporter named Murphy was selected for the work, and arrangements were made to supply all England with the report which he was to dictate. But Mr. Murphy was treated with the utmost discourtesy by the Town Hall officials. He was placed apart from the guests in an orchestra occupied by the fiddlers.

He took his revenge when he returned to the office where a dozen reporters were awaiting him, he smiled benignantly upon them and told them to go home. "*Go home! what do you mean? Have you not got the report?*" "I have taken down every syllable," said the redoubtable Murphy, "here are my notes," slapping his pocketbook, "and there they remain. *I have been grossly insulted, and not a line of the speeches shall ever see print.*" He was as good as his word, and so far as England and the world were concerned, the great men at the Town Hall might as well have uttered their words of wisdom, congratulation, and warning in a thunderstorm from the top of Snowdon.

To live long, is necessary to live slowly.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE strain is ended, the election is over and BENJAMIN HARRISON is chosen President and LEVI P. MORTON Vice President of the United States. There has been more excitement over this election than over any that has occurred since the war of the rebellion. The joy of the Republicans is unbounded, and the disappointment and chagrin of the Democrats at their defeat are very great—the more so because the defeat is a bad one.

Already, I see, our enemies are rejoicing in the prospect of being able, under the new Republican administration, to inflict additional outrages upon the Latter-day Saints. Like wild beasts, they are licking their chops in anticipation of the feast which awaits them in the persecution and spoliation of the Church. They are fierce in their threats and outspoken in their anticipations concerning the victories they expect to achieve over us. We are to be overthrown and brought into entire subjection, and they are to be our rulers.

To those who have not had experience the threats of these people would be frightful. They would create terror, under the influence of which our cause might be looked upon as hopeless and our destruction as inevitable. But upon faithful Saints the truculence of the wicked has no disturbing effect. If savage words and threats could have checked the work of God and destroyed the people, an organized Church of Christ would not have been in existence to-day; for these have been hurled at us from the beginning.

The truth is, the Latter-day Saints cannot be injured by their enemies. Against them they are protected by the promises and power of God. But they can injure themselves; they can bring trouble and disaster upon themselves by their own misconduct. In this way alone can they be injured. It is not our enemies that we ought to fear; it is ourselves. By unfaithfulness we can give our enemies power over us, and this is the only way in which they can gain it.

In hearing of these threats I am reminded of past times. There have been many occasions when our enemies have thought they had measures so arranged that our ruin would only be the work of a few days. I recall an incident of this character. It was in 1873, during the closing days of the 42nd Congress. The Frelinghuysen bill had passed the Senate of the United States and was on the calendar of the House of Representatives. Those who were anxious for its passage had made every arrangement necessary, as they thought, to insure it becoming a law. Before the action of the Senate Gen. Grant, who was the President, had sent a special message to Congress on the "Mormon" question, and asking for legislation upon it. In order that there might be no obstruction or delay the Committee on Judiciary of the House of Representatives had been authorized to report a bill upon this question at any time. After the Frelinghuysen bill had passed the Senate an arrangement had been made for the House Committee on Judiciary to take it up and put it on its passage. Those in the House who favored the plans of our enemies were very jubilant at the prospect; they felt sure that it would pass and that we would be placed in the power of our enemies at home. One of them came to me, and in a triumphant tone, swore by his Maker that they "had got us now," for their arrangements for the passage of this bill were so complete that it could not fail to become law.

It certainly looked as though there was no escape for us.

But we were delivered. The Frelinghuysen bill failed to become a law.

The failure of this measure gave us nine years respite, in which to grow and gather strength, before the Edmunds bill became law; and during those nine years we were threatened with destruction in almost every form.

Threats do not hurt us. And when the Saints are faithful, hostile measures do us no injury; they annoy us; they test us; they give us experience; but though painful to bear, when they are past, we look back at them and appreciate the value they have been to us in the ripened wisdom which they have brought.

THE present persecution has borne heavily on some of the Saints and their families. The faith of some may have faltered; their patience may have become almost exhausted. I have deeply sympathized with the persecuted ones, especially with those who are in poor circumstances and who have been consigned to prison. The women and the children deserve the most active sympathy; for, being tender in their feelings and strong in their affections, and not so able to battle with rude hardships and privations, their burden has been a heavy one. That they have borne it so patiently and uncomplainingly is greatly to their praise. Where husbands and fathers are in prison or compelled to be absent, true religion might be exhibited and great comfort be imparted by Bishops, teachers, neighbors and friends visiting their families and showing interest in their welfare. The gospel teaches this as a duty which should not be neglected and blessings are promised to those who attend to it.

As sure as the Lord lives the Latter-day Saints will emerge from this persecution stronger, in better repute and more famous than they ever have been. Some may think the Lord is slow in remembering and fulfilling His promises; but those who are faithful themselves will not think so, for the testimony of the Spirit to them will be that the Lord is watching over and caring for His people, and He will fulfill every promise He has made to them.

Great changes can be effected in a brief space of time when the Lord so wills. Witness the change which He made in the circumstances of His people after He brought them into Canaan. After the death of Joshua they were engaged in a perpetual struggle for existence. They were warred upon and subjugated by surrounding tribes until it must have seemed as if they would be overthrown and cease altogether to be a people. Even in the days of Saul the Hebrews "hid themselves in holes," for fear of the Philistines, and were so destitute of swords, spears, or of armor to make them, that Saul and his son Jonathan were the only ones in the army who had a sword and a spear. It is recorded in the 19-22 verses, of the 13th chapter of I. Samuel:

"Now there was no smith found throughout all the land of Israel: for the Philistines said, Lest the Hebrews make them swords or spears:

"But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his coulter, and his ax, and his mattock.

"Yet they had a file for the mattocks, and for the coulters, and for the forks, and for the axes, and to sharpen the goads.

"So it came to pass in the day of battle, that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hand of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan: but with Saul and with Jonathan his son was there found."

Yet in a short space of time afterwards the nation, under David, was suddenly lifted up and carried rapidly forward to the highest pitch of greatness. Men were living when Israel

was destitute of weapons, and dependent upon the Philistines for smith work, who saw their nation made victorious by the power of God over the Philistines, the Moabites, the Syrians, the Ammonites and the Amalekites and also saw the submission of the Idumeans. As one writer expresses it: "The very men who hid themselves in caves and in thickets, in rocks, and in high places, and in pits, or who fled across Jordan to the land of Gad and Gilead, when the Philistines 'pitched in Michmash,' may have seen garrisons put in Damascus and 'throughout all Edom,' and the dominion of David extended to the Euphrates."

It does not require a long time for the Almighty to accomplish great changes. The promises He makes never fail, however improbable their fulfillment may appear. He controls the words and acts of men for His glory, and no power can interfere with the execution of His will.

A PLUCKY RIDE.

IT WAS late in the fall of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city. Having supplied themselves well with provender, one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow in the lane leading to the barn-yard, and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated.

Now this cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph, aged twelve years. Of course no other animal on the estate was so important as this cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated. So Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against her indignation, the spirited child rushed to the stables, saddled her pony and was soon galloping toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army.

Meanwhile poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well-rounded side.

To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pounding along the old Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines. She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her haste was demanded. The child replied:

"I must see the general immediately!"

"But the general cannot be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and, if important, it will be reported to him."

"It is of great importance, and I cannot stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the general."

"But, my little girl, I cannot let you pass until you tell me whence you came and what your business is within these lines."

"I came from Darby, and my business is to see the general immediately. No one else can tell him what I have to say."

The excitement of the child, together with her persistence, had its influence. General Washington was in the neighborhood, with his ragged army watching the opportunity to strike another blow for the liberty of the colonies. The officer well knew that valuable information of the movements of the rebels frequently reached the British commander through

families residing in the country. Here might be such a case and this consideration determined the soldier to send the child to headquarters. So summoning an orderly, he directed him to escort the girl to the general.

It was late in the afternoon by this time, and Cornwallis was at dinner with a number of British officers, when "a little girl from the country with a message for the general" was announced.

"Let her come in at once," said the general, and a few moments later Miss Anne Rudolph entered the great tent.

"Well, my little girl, I am General Cornwallis, said that gentleman kindly. "What have you to say to me?"

"I want my cow."

Profound silence reigned for a moment, then came a burst of laughter from all the gentlemen around the table. The girl's face reddened, but she held her ground, and her set features and flashing eyes convinced the general that the child before him was one of no ordinary spirit.

With ready tact, the general drew from her a narration of her grievance. "Why did not your father come?" he asked.

"My father is not at home."

"And have you no brothers?"

"Both of my brothers are away. But, General," cried she impatiently, "while you keep me here talking they will kill my cow!"

"So—your brothers also are away. Now, tell me, child, where are they?"

"My oldest brother is with General Gates,"

"And your other brother, where is he?" inquired the general.

"Is with Harry Lee."

The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant "Light Horse Harry Lee." "But, General, I want my cow!"

"Ah, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the general severely, "where is your father?"

"He was with General Washington," answered the little maiden; "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental Army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please. But I want my cow!"

"Well, you are a brave little girl, and you shall have your cow and something more, too." Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them to remember that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a young rebel." Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and, when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned home in triumph with her cow. And those sparkling knee buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.

Selected

SCIENCE has two ends which meet: The first is the pure, natural ignorance in which all men are born; the other is that to which great minds come, who, having mastered all that men can know, realize that they know nothing, and who find themselves in that same ignorance from which they started out. But theirs is a learned ignorance, which knows itself.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

HOMELY ROSIE.

"WELL, I am homely, sure enough," said little Rosie Oppenheim, as she peered from the top of the chair into her looking-glass, and scanned every feature. It was only too true, for the face she saw was far from fairy-like. There was no pretty dimple in the cheek; no bright winsome eyes; no tiny, clear-cut nose; no smooth, white forehead and drooping eyelashes. It was a dark countenance—small eyes, thick lips, large nose and huge ears.

"Oh, what a fright!" she exclaimed, as she got off the chair and turned her face from the mirror. "Well, I am glad that I know it, and so if the girls call me names they won't sting me at all, because it is true." And she laughed such a merry little laugh that the sunbeam through the window caught its echoes and passed them to the clouds beyond.

Rosie took up her sewing by the window; but after a time grew tired of the work, and picking up "Alice in Wonderland," was deep in its mysteries. With what interest did she follow the adventures of that pleasant little maid! How excited she grew as page after page was quickly scanned! How—

"Rosie!"—it was Mrs. Oppenheim who spoke—"Rosie, dear, I would like you to run to the corner and match this silk."

Quick as a flash she laid down the book, and returned in a few minutes with the article desired. Then she resumed her book.

"Rosie-Posy"—the voice came from a chubby little boy of five—"won't you please tell me a story?"

"Why, of course I will, my precious," said the little girl, seizing the little fellow; and he eagerly listened while she told him such a fairy-story that his eyes grew larger and larger, and his mouth wider and wider, until he soon fell fast asleep.

"I don't think I shall read anymore now," said Rosie to herself. "It is time to go to the piano. I have to run over the scales;" and she darted up the stairs, and had just opened the piano when her father appeared at the doorway.

"You would oblige me, my darling," he said, "if you would close that piano. My head aches dreadfully."

"All right, papa. I will get up early tomorrow to finish the exercises."

"What a beautiful disposition that child has!" said Mr. Oppenheim. "It is your training, my love."

"But I do wish that she was a little prettier, Joseph," said the mother.

"Not for the world, not for the world, Hannah. Believe me, she is a regular beauty as she is; and if God spares her, her features will grow more regular."

Rosie did not hear her father's remarks, though she felt that she was loved even more tenderly from that hour. But the sunbeam that caught her merry laughter and bore it to the clouds heard the words of praise, and shone in extra lovely colors that evening.

THE NAUGHTY FAIRIES.

THERE are two or three naughty fairies

Who lurk in our pretty house,

They are sly as the wily foxes,

And one is as still as a mouse,

And one can growl and mutter,

And one has a chain on her feet,

These naughty and mischievous fairies,

Whom you may have happened to meet.

The still-as-a-mouse one whispers

When a bit of work must be done:

"Oh, just let it go till tomorrow,

And take to-day for fun!"

And the mutter-and-growl one pricks you

Till you pucker your face in a scowl,

Or whimper and fret in a corner,

Or stand on the floor and howl.

But the worst of the three bad fairies

Is the one with the chain on her feet,

And the strangest thing is her fancy

For a child that is gay and sweet.

She makes her forget an errand,

And loiter when she should haste,

And many a precious moment

She causes the child to waste.

Should you happen to see these fairies,

Please pass them quickly by

With lips set close and firmly,

And a flash in your steadfast eye.

For three very naughty people

These three little fairies be,

Who mean, wherever they're hiding,

No good to you and me.

HOW TO DO GOD'S WILL.

A TEACHER was explaining to her class the words concerning God's angels, "ministers of His, who do His pleasure," and asked, "How do the angels carry out God's will?"

Many answers followed. One said, "They do it directly."

Another, "They do it with all their hearts."

A third, "They do it well."

And after a pause a quiet little girl added, "*They do it without asking any questions.*"

"WHICH IS WORSE?"

A LITTLE girl came in her night-clothes very early one morning to her mother, saying,

"Which is worse, mamma, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad that she could n't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking a good deal about it, and I think it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and if you have eaten it you can pay for it. But"—and there was a look of awe in the little face—"a lie is forever."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN NO. 20.

1. As Joseph leaped from the window what was the cry raised by the mob? "He has leaped from the window."

2. What did the mob do? After shooting him, the murderers hurried off in a disorderly manner, as fast as they could.

3. As they were retreating what did Colonel Williams shout to some who had just commenced their retreat? To come back and help carry off the four men who fired, who were still paralyzed.

4. What did they do? They came and carried them away by main strength to the baggage wagons, and they all fled towards Warsaw.

5. What did Dr. Richards do when he saw that Joseph was dead? He withdrew from the window, thinking it of no use to leap out on the hundred bayonets then around Joseph's body.

6. What was the extent of Brother Richards' injuries? He escaped in a most miraculous manner. He was a very large man, yet he stood

unscathed in the midst of a shower of bullets, one ball only hitting him, which took away the tip end of the lower part of his left ear.

7. What prophecy uttered by Joseph a year previous was thus literally fulfilled? He said that the time would come that the bullets would fly around him like hail, and he should see his friends falling on the right hand and on the left, but that there should not be a hole in his garments.

THE names of those who correctly answered the Questions on Church History published in No. 20 are as follows: Ella Jarvis, Mary E. Porter, Alice C. Piggott, Annie Sylvia Sessions, Lottie Fox, Susie Milne, Henry H. Blood and James G. West.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. What was done with Elder Taylor as soon as it was ascertained that the mob had fled?
2. Who among others came to his side as he lay here?
3. What did he do?
4. What other appliance did he make use of to try and pry out the ball?
5. What result did he obtain?
6. What did he remark to a gentleman present after the operation?
7. What was the nature of the communication sent by Elder Richards that evening to Nauvoo, to Governor Ford, Generals Dunham, Markham, and Emma Smith, Joseph's wife?
8. What advice did the letter sent later in the evening, written by Elder Richards, and signed by himself, John Taylor and Samuel H. Smith contain?

CHILDHOOD.

Oh, my golden days of Childhood,
Many, many years ago!
Ah, how well do I remember
What a pride it was to know,
When my little playmates muster'd
On this old familiar spot,
To select their infant pastimes,
That my name was ne'er forgot;
When with merry, rosy faces,
They so eagerly would come,
Boasting of the longest top-string,
Or a top of loudest hum;
Or, as proud and prancing horses,
Chase each other to and fro,
In my golden days of childhood,
Many, many years ago!

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, NOVEMBER 15, 1888.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

AN officer of the Church of England (Canon Isaac Taylor) has been calling the attention of the religious public to what may be called the great missionary failure of his own and other churches in converting the heathen. His statements are worthy of consideration. We think the subject, as he presents it, should receive attention from us, as we send out more missionaries in proportion to our numbers than any other people. Of course, his statements concerning the methods which his church adopts to make converts do not apply to us; but by comparing them with ours we can draw a contrast between the two systems.

He says, Dr. Maclear, the greatest living authority upon the subject, estimates the annual conversion of heathens to Christianity by missionaries in Asia and Africa at 60,000. If this estimate is anything near correct, Canon Taylor says, it would take the missionary societies 183 years to convert enough heathen to cover the increase of the population in a single year. In other words, the increase of the heathens by births is so much greater than the conversions of the people by the missionaries that to keep up with their births alone they ought to convert 183 times as many as they do. And even if this should be done their are 920,000,000 of people in Asia and Africa who are not Christians still remaining to be converted.

Canon Taylor finds the returns of some of the missionary societies more disheartening than Dr. Maclear's estimates. He takes the results reported by the "Church Missionary Society," which does a third or a fourth of the whole missionary work, and from that, he says,

"It would appear that it would take the society 2,750 years to overtake the additions made by birth in a single year to the non-Christian population; while if the population remained stationary, and all the converts remained steadfast, it would take more than 330,000 years to convert the world, or nearly 1,000,000 years if the relapses are taken into account."

Canon Taylor has learned how much it costs to make a convert, and they often cost as much as £60 or £70 (that is, about \$300 or \$350) apiece. He shows that such converts as are often made would be dear if they were to cost nothing. He says:

"In the missions to Egypt, Persia, Palestine and Arabia, where there are no heathen, the Church Missionary Society employs 119 agents, and has spent £23,545 4s. 7d. in the last two years. The net results are nil. In Egypt last year there were two 'inquirers,' one a negro and the other an Egyptian, but the inquiries did not lead to any further results. In Arabia a sick robber who was doctored by a missionary promised to abstain from robbing for ten days. In Palestine, the one Moslem convert of last year, a weak-minded orphan girl who required constant guidance, and for whom the prayers of all English Christians were invoked, has gone over to Rome, and is now immured in a nunnery. In the oldest of our West African possessions all the unrepentant Magdalens of the chief city are professing Christians, and the most

notorious one in the place boasts that she 'never missed going to church on a Communion Sunday.' Three years ago, in a nominally Christian village, a quarrel broke out, and not a few were killed. The victors cooked and ate the bodies of the slain. As a punishment, the native pastor announced that they were 'suspended from church privileges.' Cannibalism is punished by temporary exclusion from the Holy Communion!"

The rivalry which exists between the different missionary societies produces, he says, many scandals. Converts put themselves up to auction, and the missionaries are as eager to secure each other's converts as rival storekeepers are to secure each other's customers. One acute missionary found that one of his converts had been going round to mission after mission and getting repeatedly baptized. This business he made very profitable; and he counted in missionary statistics as a new convert every time he was baptized.

Canon Taylor has no faith in the missionary system of his own or other kindred churches. He thinks the preacher's hut, his goods, his dress, his food, should be the same as those of the natives. He says:

"If St. Paul, before starting on one of his missionary journeys, had required St. James and a committee at Jerusalem to guarantee him £300 a year, paid quarterly, and had provided himself with a shady bungalow, a punkah, a pony-carriage, and a wife, he would not have changed the history of the world."

IT IS refreshing to find a minister of the Church of England as honest and candid as Canon Taylor appears to be. Those familiar with the missionary efforts which he describes have known them to be failures; but he furnishes interesting figures upon the subject and the whole business becomes very plain.

The question becomes an interesting one, in view of the hopes of the so-called Christian world concerning the conversion of the heathen and the large sums of money that are being collected for this purpose. The most of the churches entertain the view that, through their efforts, the world will be converted. But Canon Taylor shows how vain such a hope is, even from their standpoint.

The true method of converting the honest-in-heart among the nations is for the servants of the Lord to go out, as He has commanded—without purse and scrip, living with the people and carrying the gospel to their hearts and homes. But though the servants of God take this plan to teach the truths of the gospel to the world, the nations will not, as a whole, be converted. The word of the Lord is plain upon this subject. In a revelation concerning the Twelve Apostles the Lord says:

"And again, I say unto you, That whosoever ye shall send in my name, by the voice of your brethren, the Twelve, duly recommended and authorized by you, shall have power to open the door of my kingdom unto any nation whithersoever ye shall send them,

"Inasmuch as they shall humble themselves before me, and abide in my word, and hearken to the voice of my Spirit.

"Verily, verily I say unto you, Darkness covereth the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people, and all flesh has become corrupt before my face.

"Behold, vengeance cometh speedily upon the inhabitants of the earth, a day of wrath, a day of burning, a day of desolation, of weeping, of mourning, and of lamentation, and as a whirlwind it shall come upon all the face of the earth, saith the Lord.

"And upon my house shall it begin, and from my house shall it go forth, saith the Lord."

NAPOLEON AND CATHOLICISM.

THE experiment of abolishing religion was not successful with the French people. They, to whom revolution and

to the satisfaction of the masses, the public mind had gradually become engrossed with the subject of religion. The clergy enjoying uninterrupted peace in the prosecution of their labors for a long time had thus accumulated by means of tithes and



NAPOLEON AND POPE PIUS VII. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

change seemed necessary to existence, after the great Revolution of 1789-95 had demanded an entirely new order of things. State affairs received the first attention but these being settled

other donations vast wealth. Their estates were found in every part of the nation; their places of worship were adorned in the most elaborate style; their rich plate and costly trap-

pings came to be viewed by the populace as necessary to the worship to God. Gradually but surely the change came. The estates of the church were confiscated, the valuable plate and ornaments were also appropriated by the state and on pain of expulsion the clergy were all required to take the oath of allegiance to the new French constitution, and to hold the behests of the secular officers superior to those of the religious leaders.

To these demands many offered a firm refusal and had the prelates presented an unbroken front a reconsideration of the unjust resolutions might have been recorded. But in the midst of the trouble Bishop Gobet of Paris with a number of his co-laborers appeared at the bar of the French Assembly in November, 1793, took the required oath and publicly abjured the Christian faith, announcing that the only religion needed was that of liberty, equality and morality. What other testimony was needed to confirm the public feeling? This affirmation enthroned infidelity and deposed the clergy. Religion was entirely abandoned. An opera singer was installed in the cathedral Notre Dame and crowned as the Goddess of Reason and the edifice itself was henceforth to be known as the Temple of Reason. Soon thereafter the Christian Sabbath was abolished, and one day in ten was to be devoted to rest on which all who desired might attend moral lectures—the substitute for religious instruction.

This innovation was for some time pleasing to the people, but they soon began to feel the need of religious restraint and guidance. In the rural districts a communication was opened with the expelled priests and thus by degrees the old desire for spiritual food was aroused. Napoleon, just now growing in power and influence, saw the need of a religion of some kind. Though a disbeliever himself, he sought in Catholicism, as he had once done in Egypt in Mahometanism, popular support and favor. He therefore made overtures to Pope Pius VII., who had but recently ascended the pontifical throne. Very glad was the latter to open negotiations with the hope of thus extending his power.

Napoleon prepared his plans for the reorganization of the national church. Among these was the proposition that to the nation should be assigned ten archbishops and fifty bishops with a corresponding number of minor officers. The higher dignitaries were to be appointed by Napoleon, who had attained to the position of the First Consul, while the priests were to be appointed by the bishops with the ruler's sanction. The government, too, was to have supreme supervision of all religious affairs, allowing only such papal messengers to enter its dominions as pleased it, and permitting no decrees to be promulgated except such as received its approval.

Even with these restrictions the Pope was pleased to accept of the nominal supervision of the national religion. Even though his own movements in France, should he desire to visit that country, would be curtailed, he hoped to soon preside over it as he did over Italy, as supreme spiritual and temporal head.

In May, 1804, the First Consul was elected to the dignity of Emperor of France—a position to which his constant successes entitled him. No sooner was the wish of the people announced than Napoleon decided upon having the pope attend the coronation services, as was wont to be the case in the early centuries. It was, moreover, a politic move, as the European powers would not then be so apt to consider Napoleon's ascendancy as a self-assumption of power, and, further, the pope by his presence would tacitly, if not openly, give sanction to the results of the Revolution. Pius VII. was therefore informed of the emperor's wish, and while desirous of avoid-

ing the journey and its consequent labors, he found it impracticable to refuse his presence and services.

After considerable delay in making arrangements—intentional delay on the part of the pope in the hope of entirely escaping the performance of an act against which his own spirit revolted—this ruler of the church undertook the journey and was met at Fontainebleau by Napoleon, who had proceeded on horseback to meet his illustrious guest. In one carriage they both entered Paris, where with appropriate service and surroundings His Holiness was installed in the Tuileries.

On the 2nd of December, 1804, the pontiff was requested to perform the act which had required his presence at the French metropolis. With suitable pomp he entered the cathedral Notre Dame where the Emperor and his partner awaited the services of coronation.

The anointing and benediction were, however, the only demands made of the pope. These being done Napoleon took the crown and after placing it upon his head, also adorned the brow of his empress with a similar emblem.

His promise being fulfilled Pius made his return journey to Rome, receiving at every point of his progress the respect and attention of the people. To him, however, there was little satisfaction in his visit, as the monarchial party of Europe disapproved completely of what he had done, and he had failed in having restored to him and the clergy the estates and valuable possessions which had been seized and appropriated by order of the French ruler. That he was to consider himself a vassal of France, subjected to national caprices and whims, was plainly the intention, and that Napoleon would not hesitate at anything which would further his personal aims, was realized when within a year of his coronation he ordered the seizure of Ancona, an important fortress under papal dominion, as necessary to the success of French arms. The pope's protest was coolly met by the statement that "though sovereign of Rome, Napoleon was its emperor."

Repeated incursions into what was hitherto considered the sacred domain of His Holiness followed, and Pius was urged to completely renounce all his rights as a sovereign prince—dignities which for centuries had without question attached to the occupant of "St. Peter's chair." Refusing to do this Rome was seized and occupied by the French and word was sent the pope, who had shut himself up in the castle of St. Angelo, that this state of affairs would continue until he was ready to enter into an offensive and defensive league with the emperor.

The obstinate refusal of the spiritual leader led to the assumption of the government of Rome by the French and the imprisonment of the pope in the Quirinal palace. This still being of no avail a decree was issued on the 17th of May, 1809, annexing Rome to the French empire and declaring it a free city.

These acts were met by a papal bull of excommunication against Napoleon and all concerned in the dethronement of the pope. Fearing in a measure the effect of this order, the French commander at Rome, Miollis, sought its recall, failing in which he ordered General Radet to obtain possession of the pontiff and remove him to a more secluded and carefully guarded place. Immediately the Quirinal was surrounded and entrance was effected by scaling the garden walls and crawling through the window of an unoccupied room. Very early in the morning the pope was aroused by the blows of a hatchet on the door of his compartment in the effort to effect an entrance. Supposing the uproar meant death Pius and his

associates calmly prepared for the ordeal, and being ready, the order was given to open the door.

Entering abruptly Radet was instantly struck with the calm composure of the pope, whom he recognized by his commanding presence. In a hesitating voice he told the object of his visit :

"Most holy father, I come in the name of my government to reiterate to your holiness the proposal to officially renounce your temporal power. If your holiness consents to it, I do not doubt but that affairs may be arranged, and that the emperor will treat your holiness with the greatest respect."

With quiet yet firm demeanor the pope replied : "If you have believed yourself bound to execute such orders of the emperor by reason of your oath of fidelity and obedience, think to what an extent we feel compelled to sustain the rights of the holy see, to which we are bound by so many oaths ! We can neither yield nor abandon that which belongs to it. The temporal power belongs to the church, and we are only the administrator. The emperor may tear us in pieces, but he will not obtain from us what he demands. After all that we have done for him, ought we to expect such treatment ?"

This decision being reached nothing remained but for Radet to carry out the orders of his superior officer, Miollis, and make prisoners of the pope and his most able minister, Cardinal Pacca. They were placed in a waiting carriage and under a strong guard driven from the city. Notwithstanding that it was but four o'clock when the seizure was made, and that the utmost secrecy was sought to be maintained in the matter, the people everywhere blocked the way to receive the benediction of their spiritual guide. At one time the crowd was so dense that it appeared impossible to make passage, but Radet ordered the people to kneel on either side of the road to receive a blessing from the illustrious prisoner as he passed, and then he ordered the coachman to drive with a dash, and before the astonished crowd could collect their wits, the carriage was far past them.

Napoleon up to this time had not been informed of the arrest, and though he may have felt some action necessary in order to bring to submission the stubborn prelate, his greatest desire was for the arrest of Cardinal Pacca, in whom he recognized the pope's most subtle counselor. The pope he regarded as ignorant and fanatical, but Pacca he considered "a man of education and a scoundrel, an enemy of France, and deserving of no regard." The emperor informed the latter that if a single Frenchman lost his life at the instigation of the cardinal in an attempt to have his holiness rescued, Pacca should answer for it with his own blood.

Removed from the scene of the greatest excitement, Pius and Pacca were separated, the former being placed under surveillance at Savona and the latter imprisoned at Fenestrella. Continuing firm in his resistance to the encroachments on the rights of the church, the pope was gradually relieved of all his trusted attendants and placed under severe discipline. He succeeded, however, in getting before the public from his place of confinement, several papers of importance concerning the conducting of religious affairs, and in one of his documents the order was given for no one to dare to act in matters belonging to the church at the command of Napoleon. Such a proceeding would meet with his unqualified disapproval.

These messages of the great head had their effect upon the able men of the church in France, whom the emperor vainly sought to bring to his views and authority. Even his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, whom he desired to make archbishop of Paris would not recognize the emperor's authority, and being contin-

ually harassed for his refusal, finally exclaimed to his nephew, "If you wish to make martyrs, commence in your own family sire. I am ready to give my life to seal my faith."

Conventions were called in which the temporal ruler used every power he possessed or could command in his subjects to bring about a unanimity of feeling and sentiment among the ecclesiastical dignitaries. His efforts were fruitless. The undaunted firmness of the pope strengthened his adherents. Punishments of various kinds, which Napoleon did not scruple to inflict, only added new resolutions to already firm resolves.

As he was acknowledged head of the affairs of state so did the emperor desire to be the instructor of the pope. He said : "I do not call in question the spiritual power of the pope, he has received it from Jesus Christ : but Jesus Christ has not given him the temporal power. It was Charlemagne who gave it to him, and I, as the successor of Charlemagne, wish to take it away from him, because he does not know how to use it, and because it hinders him from exercising his spiritual functions. What inconvenience will there be in the pope being subject to me, now that Europe knows no other master."

"Sire," answered Abbe Emery, "your majesty is better acquainted than I am with the history of revolutions. The present state of things may not always exist. It is not, then, necessary to change the order wisely established. The holy father will not agree to the concessions which your majesty demands from him, because he cannot do it."

That Pius VII. did not yield the rights and privileges which he conscientiously believed were a part of his high office is recorded to his eternal credit. The successive deputations which waited upon him to induce an abandonment of his undaunted position found him unyielding. Though age may have weakened his body the firmness of his spirit was still unimpaired.

Napoleon seeing the failure of his efforts to get papal sanction to his assumptions, next sought to unify his own religious leaders. He issued edicts which were only in part heeded. He pronounced woes which only excited ridicule if not contempt. He announced decrees which were considered valueless. In fact his efforts in religious affairs fell far short of the success which had attended him in secular matters.

He had the pope removed to Fontainebleau, where by means of his personal persuasions or threats he hoped to change his seemingly unalterable decision, and to bring him to submission. But no greater success attended him here. Commands, threats and flattery were alike vain. Even after Napoleon had offered to grant freedom to his captive, to provide liberally for him from the estates of France, to give him allegiance as the spiritual head, the old man would not yield. He majestically arose and with his finger upon the document which had been prepared for his signature proclaimed his unalterable determination to yield not one iota of the rights of the church, and with no trembling voice he reaffirmed his order of excommunication against Napoleon. The great conqueror had at last found his equal for decision and firmness. His defeat was apparent. He might retain in prison, the aged pontiff, but the spirit would remain free. He might heap indignities upon an old man, but he could not subdue the spirit with which that man was filled. Conscience would yield to no oppression ; thoughts could not be chained.

When the severities and reverses of a Russian campaign began to teach the hitherto invincible monarch that to all human endeavor there is a limit, he sought to conciliate the pope, and therefore permitted Cardinal Pacca to join him at Fontainebleau, but here they both remained in confinement

until the overthrow of Napoleon in 1814, when they were speedily restored to liberty, and most of their rights were reconfirmed upon them. As impossible as it may have one time appeared the pope lived to see him whom all Europe had feared, and who had more than once dictated terms to nations, brought to be himself a prisoner, guarded with the utmost care and with no hour of his life free from the watchful eyes of those in whose charge he had been placed. Retribution followed, as in the providence of God it always will do, unjust deeds.

RESPECT YOUR PARENTS.

I SAT under a tree in the park, reading a book, one warm summer day, and two boys, ten or twelve years of age, were playing together on a grass plat at a little distance. I knew them by sight, well. One was Harry Waters, the son of a lawyer; the other Timothy Graves, the son of a dry-goods merchant. Both were bright, intelligent lads, with fresh young faces, and both were neatly clad. After a time, having tired themselves out with racing and jumping and wrestling, they threw themselves down upon the grass, under the shade of a tree but a few feet from where I sat, to rest and chat.

"I suppose you are going away before long?" I heard Harry say questioningly, as they sat down.

Timothy shook his head. "No," said he.

"No?" echoed Harry, surprised. "I thought you said a few weeks ago that you were going to visit your cousin in Clinton, this summer."

"I did, but the old man thinks I had better go to school this summer—you know it begins next week—and make my visit next fall."

"Who thinks so?" queried Harry, with a look of wonder and surprise on his round, fresh face.

Timothy laughed a little pompously, "Why, the old man or the old *gentleman*, I suppose you think I should say, but I can't always stop to be so particular."

Still the look of surprise did not leave Harry's face. "But what old gentleman do you mean?" he asked. "I didn't know there was any at your house."

Timothy shouted. "Ha, ha; ho, ho!" he cried. "Ain't we green, though? Why I mean the *governor*, my boy, if you like that better. Now, do you know?"

"The governor!" Harry repeated slowly, "I have heard that young horse-jockey, Jack Jones, call his father that. Is it him you mean?"

"You are just right—it is!" Tim responded, slapping his knee, as he had seen older boys do.

The look of wonder on Harry's face changed to one of unmistakable disgust.

"I would be *ashamed* to call my father any of those names," he said.

Timothy laughed again, boisterously. "I suppose you would always say, 'my honored parent,'" he sneered. "Oh, yes, I know how girl-boys talk."

"No," said Harry, calmly, "I shouldn't say that. I should say my *father*, or just father; but I would sooner always call him an honored parent, than to use such words as 'old man,' or 'governor.'"

"Oh, to be sure you would!" Tim responded, a little scornfully. "But you see, as boys that *are* boys grow older they

get over such notions and follow the fashion. The fashion is, now, to say the old man, or the old gem'man, or the governor. You can take your choice."

"Well, it's a low, mean fashion," Harry cried spiritedly, "and just fit for jockeys and loafers to follow; but a boy who has any self-respect, or any respect for his father, will never speak of him in that way, I know. I never would dare look anybody in the face, after I had spoken so of *my* father."

"Oh, well, you're green and spoony," Tim said disdainfully. "You'll get over such girl notions, maybe, unless you're a regular muff. For my part, I think it sounds a great deal more manly to hear a fellow say the governor, or the old gem'man, than *father* or *papa*. That's for girls to say."

"And I'm very glad I am girlish enough to keep from being a rowdy, then," Harry said proudly. "I would sooner be called a muff, any time, than a rowdy, and that is what any boy is, who calls his father the old man."

Tim laughed, with an air of affected age, as he sprang up from the grass.

"Oh, well, old fellow, we won't fight over that," he said. "You can say *father* all you please, and I'll say the old man. Now for another race."

They were off like the wind, forgetting in a moment their little misunderstanding, and perhaps neither ever thinking of it again. But I did not forget it so easily. I determined to keep track of these boys, and I did. I left the city soon after, and did not return for ten years. One of the first questions I asked on returning was, "What has become of Harry Waters and Timothy Graves?"

"Oh, they are large boys now," laughed my friend. "Harry was twenty-one a few days ago, and was admitted to the bar. He is an uncommonly fine young man, and his father is very properly proud of him. There is no young man in the city with finer prospects."

"And Tim?"

My friend shook his head. "I can't say so much for him," he said. "I wish I could; but he's a spendthrift and ne'er-do-well. It is strange, too. He and Harry were brought up together, almost. Both had good, steady parents; they attended the same school, and had the same advantages. Yet Harry went up, and Tim down. He seeks loafers and rowdies for companions, and has almost broken his parents' hearts with his conduct."

"I knew it would be so," I cried.

My friend looked up questioningly.

"How did you know it?"

I told him the conversation I heard between the two boys, ten years before. "I never knew it to fail," I added, "when a boy has such firm and fine ideas of right and wrong as Harry had, and all his companions' jeers only make him the firmer, he is sure to turn out well. And when a boy shows a preference for low things and begins to talk about the old man, and affects the ways of loafers, he is pretty sure to grow up a miserable affair, unless some strong, healthy influence is brought to bear upon these inclinations."

"True," my friend said. "I always feel sorry when I hear anybody talking about the old man, when he means his father; and if boys only knew it, they always fall in the estimation of grown people when they do so. It is only loafers and rowdies who applaud them. And it is far better to win the approval of a true man or woman than a rowdy. But many boys fail to see it."

My young readers, never let anyone hear you call your

father the *old man* or the *governor*. Such expressions are fit only for rowdies ; remember that, no matter who you hear use them.

FORGIVENESS.

BY F. S.

FORGIVE the hand that harshly strikes
 In anger's reckless mood ;
 Perhaps the heart behind it mourns
 The action hot and rude.
 And though the insult sends the blood
 Indignant to the face,
 Its pardon to the injured brings
 No sorrow or disgrace.

Forgive the tongue whose hasty words
 Like flaming arrows burn ;
 Beneath it, too, a heart may sigh,
 And for forbearance yearn ;
 Since there is none of human kind
 That doth not sometimes need
 An ill-used neighbor's clemency
 For grievous word or deed.

Though hate should follow hard and close
 With every cruel wrong,
 This thought will always cheer the soul—
 It cannot be for long ;
 While on an easier bed he lies,
 Who from revenge is free,
 Who says, " My heart forgives them all.
 As God forgiveth me."

LUTHER THE REFORMER.

BY J. Q. C.

(Continued from page 335.)

WE HAVE already seen how the sternness and rigor of his existence at home and in school had prepared the mind of young Luther to receive with peculiar relish every intimation of grace, forgiveness and mercy as attributes of the Creator. We can but faintly conceive of the joy and hope which warmed his heart as he read out of the old library Bible portions of the holy scriptures beaming with instructions, yet which had been to him until now an unknown doctrine. With all his own narrow ideas as to the worthlessness of men and his utter inability to render himself, even with his best endeavors, acceptable to God, he still in the recesses of his heart treasured up the sweet breathings of the charity which his hasty reading of the Holy Word had shed upon his thirsty and doubting soul.

In the last number of the JUVENILE allusion was made to the accident which befell the young student when on his way home for vacation. Perhaps it was the result of custom, but he called mightily upon Mary, the mother of the Savior, for help ; and during the ensuing night, as the loosening of the bandage threatened to allow him to bleed to death, he renewed his call with great earnestness. He declares that he

at the time not only feared death, but that, conscious of his utter unworthiness, he was anxious to live that he might if possible regulate his life more closely after the holy modes which the scriptures set before him. Solemn reflections upon the change which awaits all mortality, and the suddenness of its coming, were laid particularly near to his heart when, shortly after his elevation to the honor of doctor, an intimate friend of his was without warning stricken down by his side ; and, at last, almost beside himself with doubt and fear, a slight circumstance sufficed to impel him to the most important decision of his life.

About the end of June, 1505, he once more made a visit to his parents in Mansfeld. On his return journey to Erfurt he found himself on the 2nd of July in the midst of a violent thunderstorm, and observed with terror the havoc played by the lightning among the trees and buildings by the wayside. As one brilliant flash, followed on the instant by a deafening report, shattered a noble tree a few rods away, Luther fell on his face, uttering the promise : " Saint Anna, preserve my life and I will become a monk." (Anna, supposed to be the mother of the Virgin Mary, was the especial saint of the Mohra villagers, from whom Luther descended.)

These are the best authenticated details of the incident which determined the youth to take on the life of the cloister. The old legend quaintly illustrated, which perhaps some of our readers have met with, representing a vivid bolt of lightning extending from the sky to the body of a young man, over whose prostrate form the terror-stricken Luther bows while reverently crossing himself, and sending heavenward his vows of future sanctity, is, as we have seen, but a blending into one of two incidents which had so vital an impression on his subsequent life.

The next day, when the storm had cleared away, and the jolly student was once more among his boon companions, he felt half inclined to forget or disregard his promise. They tried to persuade him that an oath exacted in necessity was not binding, and he was partly constrained to take the same view. But the recollection of his anxiety at the death of his friend and during his own sickness again thrust itself forward and put an end to all argument by declaring with emphasis that come what might his promise must be fulfilled.

He accordingly made preparations to enter the cloister, and exactly two weeks after he made the vow to St. Anna he held a farewell meeting with his associates. Next day, the 17th of July, observed among Catholics as the day of St. Alexius, he appeared at the door of the Augustine convent and demanded admittance. His friends, finding all efforts to dissuade him vain, accompanied him on the way and with tearful eyes watched the gloomy gates of the cloister close upon him. His father also was much displeased with the step that his son had taken without his knowledge and permission, and this fact caused Luther, during his first experiences as a neophyte, to express the greatest sorrow for the needless haste which had prevented his laying so important a matter before his parents.

Although his learning had won him high university honors, Luther found on his entrance into the holy order that he must become the common servant of all. One year was allowed as a time of probation, during which if he felt so inclined he might exercise the privilege of withdrawing from the career he had with such zeal adopted. But as the days and months rolled by, his diligence and piety increased, and there was no duty or requirement of the order which he did not with the utmost precision fulfill. He expresses the opinion that had it

been possible for any monk by the strictest observance of the most exacting rules to lift himself to heaven, he would have accomplished that desirable feat, for he prayed daily seven hours, fasted at times four days at a stretch, begged his morsel of bread from door to door, castigated himself so severely that he was often-times found fainting in his cell, and after all only irretrievably injured his physical constitution without apparently bringing himself one degree nearer the ecstasy which he awaited.

But such devotion could not fail to bring its earthly reward, even though it proves a mistaken way of attaining heavenly exaltation. He was soon honored with the title of "Father," and set apart as a priest. The solemn exercises of this memorable occasion his father was invited to attend, Luther himself hoping that the paternal objections to the cloister life would be overcome in the pride of seeing the son's rapid advancement. But the unbending sire, saddened though he was by the loss of two sons from the plague, and agreeably surprised as he must have been on finding that his first born Martin, reported to have died, was still living and the recipient of weighty honors, could not bring himself to express pleasure at the proceedings. He startled Abbott, professors and all by asking, at the feast which closed the exercises: "You learned ones, have you not read in the Holy Scriptures 'Honor thy father and thy mother?'"

His new honors, however, sat heavily upon the young monk, and the farther he progressed the greater his anxiety became. He had more than one contest with some of his superiors over points of doctrine, and afterwards declared that even at this time he was a reformer at heart, although his history leaves no room for doubt that he was respected and trusted by his associates far beyond what his years and experience in the cloister give us reason to expect.

Frederick the Wise, the great Elector of Saxony had established a University in Wittenburg in 1502, after Leipsic with its famous institution had become a part of the duchy of Saxony. In order that the new seminary might have sufficient resources to insure its success, he bestowed upon it the entire receipts of the celebrated church in Wittenburg and also decided that the professors who should be employed should be the most learned members of the Augustine order, which, as we have seen, was at the time powerful and wealthy. As a teacher in this university Luther, contrary to his own desire, was called in the winter of 1508-9. His first exercises consisted of lectures on philosophy, the continuation in fact of his studies at Erfurt. But his inclinations drew him to theology, and he was not long in devoting himself solely to the high branches of that study. Besides his duties as teacher he exercised his powers in preaching and occupied at first with much trembling the pulpit of a small wooden church belonging to his cloister. He went for a short time to Erfurt where he also acted as professor of theology, but he soon returned to Wittenburg and resumed, now with love and devotion, his chair in the new university.

An opportunity which was afforded him in the year 1511 to visit Rome was seized with great eagerness. In company with another monk he was charged with a diplomatic mission to the Pope and on Easter Sunday he set forth upon his journey. He traveled the entire distance on foot,—his mind all the time busy either with sorrowful thoughts of man's unworthiness or illumined with bright visions of the saving power of divine grace—while his weary limbs left mile after mile of the long journey behind him. He approached the Eternal City with feelings of peculiar reverence, and on beholding it for the

first time he lifted up his streaming eyes and exclaimed, "I salute thee, Oh thou holy place!" The seat of the church, the home of its spiritual and temporal head, the point towards which the eyes and hearts of the pious were ever turned,—no wonder the high strung emotions of the enthusiastic monk caused him to regard it as a spot of more than earthly sanctity.

He soon accomplished the mission with which he had been entrusted, and, having some time at his disposal, he visited all the places of interest and offered up his devotions at every shrine, making his home during the time in one of the cloisters of his order. He relates that he climbed on his knees the twenty eight steps of the Pilate stairs in All Saints' church, receiving therefor a forgiveness good for several years in advance for any sins he might in future commit. He regretted, so he says, that his parents were living, as, had they been dead and suffering the pangs of purgatory he might have used the easily acquired reward of his piety for their benefit.

But if, while staying in Rome, he looked with veneration into the face of the Pope, his sincerity compelled him to take what he himself called a rear glance at him from which standpoint he beheld him disrobed of majesty and unhallowed by time-honored reverence. Instead of working zealously for the good of Christianity and the spread of righteousness, Julius II., then the occupant of the chair of St. Peter, gave his time and energies to the advancement of worldly interests and to working out all kind of political intrigues and Luther observed with shame that the hideous stories about the previous Pope, Alexander "the poisoner," went uncontradicted among the convent brethren, and that the latter while speaking sneeringly of the "stupid Germans" or the "German beasts," went through these religious exercises parrot-like and without the least feeling.

He entered upon his return journey, therefore, with very different feelings from those which he had brought with him; and overjoyed as he was at sight of the holy city, his eyes greeted with even greater pleasure the first glimpse of his beloved town of Wittenburg. A warm welcome awaited him and with his new honors came also the favor of the Elector who listened with great delight to his first sermon as doctor of theology in the town church.

The death of one and the removal of another of his associates in the university left Luther now the principal instructor. He became also regular priest of the Wittenburg church and in addition to these offices filled also that of district vicar over a large number of cloisters in the neighborhood. Until 1517, his energies and talents were thus busily employed, and to this period of his life belong the admirable translations of and lectures upon the Epistles to the Romans and the Galatians, which were his favorite books in the New Testament. These works appeared in print in 1519 and won universal attention by reason as Melancthon says, "of the clearness with which the difference between the law and the gospel was pointed out." He maintained that without human endeavor the atonement of Christ alone could save from sin, indeed, that man for himself could not in the least degree improve his future prospects—it being wholly a matter of divine grace. His combativeness in maintaining his own views brought him into contact with the most advanced schools of Christian thought then existing, and with even the learned Erasmus, then at the height of his fame, Luther found himself compelled to differ regarding the extent, object and requirements of a religious life. He maintained his position with rare logic, and for the first time in the history of the German tongue, written commentaries were pre-

sented to the common people in the pure and vigorous language which still endures as the classical and expressive German of to-day.

In October, 1516, the plague broke out in Wittenburg and gave Luther an opportunity of showing that great as he was in studies and labors of his office, he was equally great in patience and suffering. Urged by a friend to flee the stricken city, he replied, "I have been placed here and dare not be guilty of disobedience; the world I hope will not go to destruction even if poor Brother Martin should fall." He remained to comfort and assist the distressed, and won the hearts of his flock by his goodness of heart as he had already won their minds by the force and earnestness of his instructions.

Such was Luther and such his surroundings when in the hands of God he became the instrument to lay the foundation of the Reformation.

(To be Continued.)

HUGH MILLER'S WHISKY.

BY JULIA COLEMAN.

HUGH MILLER was a Scotchman and a stone-mason. He learned his trade early in life, and worked hard. Some boys would have thought after they had done so big a day's work they ought to have the rest of the time for play. But Hugh Miller wanted it for reading. He loved books, and though he had but little school education, he became a learned man, a writer, an editor, and a geologist. It would be well worth while for any boy or girl, who feels disposed to complain of lack of schooling, to read the life of Hugh Miller, and see how he employed every spare moment in reading and studying. For he was not content with story-books. The wonderful things in nature, in the flowers, and even among the stones, excited his curiosity, and he liked to read the books that told about them. And as he worked in stone, he learned by observation, and in time he became a great geologist. True, he had to work hard and wait patiently for his wisdom and his fame, but the real secret of it was that he made good use of his spare minutes when a boy. This gave shape to all his after life. Instead of taking all his exercise in play, he took it in the fields and among the rocks. And then he was eager to get all the time he could for his loved books. He was always contriving to have a few minutes here and there, so that he could read. Bacon's "Essays," was one of his favorite books and they are deep reading for most men.

Another good thing for him was that he kept his head clear. In those days everybody drank a little, for he was eighteen in 1820, and people had not learned so much about temperance then as they have now. They thought a little drink was good. This is what Miller tells us about it:

"I learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shops as high luxuries; they gave (or seemed to give) brightness and energy to both body and mind, and changed dullness and gloom into exhilaration and enjoyment. Whisky was simply happiness doled out by the glass and sold by the gill. The drinking usages of the business in which I labored, were many at that time. When a foundation (of a house) was laid, the workmen were treated to drink. They were treated to drink when the walls were leveled for laying the joists. They were treated to drink when the building was finished. They

were treated to drink when an apprentice joined the squad, when his 'apron was washed,' when his time was out. Occasionally they treated one another to drink.

"In laying the foundation-stone of one of the larger houses built this year, by Uncle David and his partner, the workmen had a 'royal founding pint,' and two whole glasses of whisky came to my share. A full-grown man would not have deemed a gill of whisky an overdose, but it was too much for me. When the party broke up and I got home to my books, I found, as I opened the pages of my favorite author, the letters dancing before my eyes, and that I could no longer master the sense. I have the volume at present before me, a small edition of the Essays of Bacon; for of Bacon I never tired.

"I felt that the condition into which I had brought myself was one of degradation. I had sunk for the time, by my own act, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I would never again sacrifice my capacity for intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and, with God's help, I have been able to hold my determination."

Here is a point we should particularly notice. Drink hurts the brain and nerves. It hinders or prevents the action of the mind, even when taken in small quantities. And the mind is what makes the man. We do not think enough about this; we talk about what it does to the stomach, and blood, and heart, and liver; but the worst mischief of it is that which is done to the brain. Hugh Miller recognized that, and saved his brain to serve his God and his fellow-men, and left a name that will last for ages.

MEXICAN CHILDREN.—In Mexico a group of lads from seven to twelve will meet, and each boy will decorously lift his hat, and salutations of extreme courtesy will be exchanged, and then comes the boyish chatter, the run and the laughter, the same as anywhere. Boys here treat their elders with respect. An old man or woman is not the butt of the youth of Mexico; rather for the old people are reserved the shadiest seats under the trees in the park. A Mexican boy or girl on entering a room walks round among the company, shaking hands with all, and on leaving the room does the same. Urbanity is taught in the public schools as arithmetic is at home. There is no one jostled on the street; the best seat in the horse-car is promptly given up to the ladies, who never fail gracefully to acknowledge the favor. I have never seen a Mexican gentleman fail to give his seat to a woman, whether she was richly or poorly dressed.

IT MIGHT BE WORSE.—The Arabs have a custom of thanking God that it is no worse. If he loses an eye, he thanks God it was not both eyes; if he loses a hand he thanks God it was not both hands; if he breaks his leg he thanks God it was not his neck.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!"

This is the true spirit of submission; one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the heart. Will not every reader resolve to see the sunny side of the world? If so, you have partly won the battle of life at the outset.

RAISE ON HIGH THE LOUD HOSANNA.

1. Raise on high the loud ho - san - na. Let the hymn of praise be sung,
 Un - to Him who ev - 'ry bless - ing On our path hath rich - ly flung.
 Who hath led us Who hath led us Pas - tures green and fair a - mong.

Raise on high the loud hosanna,
 Let the hymn of praise be sung,
 Unto Him who every blessing
 On our path hath richly flung;
 Who hath led us
 Pastures green and fair among.

Heavenly Father, we adore Thee
 For Thy wondrous love and grace;
 Early taught to come before Thee,
 Here we seek Thy smiling face.
 Be Thou with us
 Now within this sacred place.

Won by sweetest invitation,
 Children once to Jesus came —
 We, to taste of His salvation,
 Now approach in His dear name.
 O receive us
 For His sake who bore our shame.

We would bring our offerings lowly,
 Hearts and lives all to be Thine,
 Father, make us pure and holy,
 Sanctified by grace divine;
 Let Thy image
 In our lives and actions shine.

Let Thy spirit ever guide us
 Through life's dark, uncertain way;
 From the world's temptations hide us,
 Let no foes or fears dismay.
 In all trial
 Be Thine arm our constant stay.

When life's scenes are past forever,
 And earth's fairest hopes have flown,
 May we rest where death comes never,
 Where no sin or pain is known;
 Then Thy praises
 Sing in sweeter, purer tone.

ROOM AT THE TOP.

NEVER you mind the crowd, lad,
 Or fancy your life won't tell;
 The work is the work for a' that
 To him that doeth it well.

Fancy the world a hill, lad;
 Look where the millions stop;
 You'll find the crowd at the base, lad;
 There's always room at the top.

Courage and faith and patience,
 There's a space in the old world yet;
 The better the chance you stand, lad,
 The further along you get.

Keep your eyes on the goal, lad
 Never despair or drop;
 Be sure that your path leads upward;
 There's always room at the top.

REDEEM THE TIME.—Those who have the most time usually have the least. These who have nothing to do are the longest about it, and are oftenest late and hurried at the end.

An early start and a steady pace
 Take the slowest through the race.

The tortoise outraveled the fox, for he kept on while the fox slept by the road-side.

Saved pence make men rich; saved minutes make them wise. Half the time spent in dreading a lesson will be ample to learn it, if we go about it.

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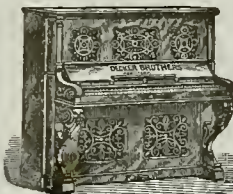
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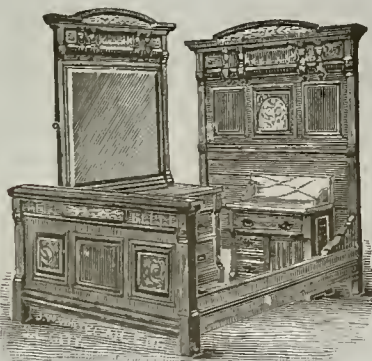
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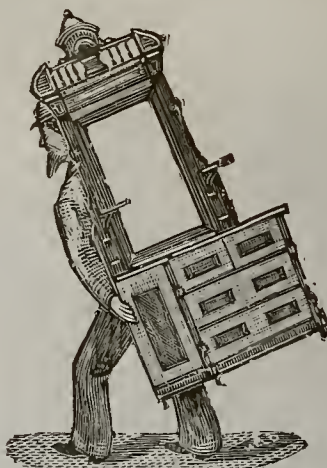
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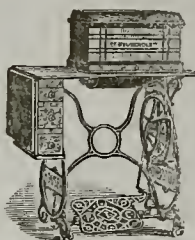
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